

Safe Haven by underthenorthstar

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Big Bear Hopper, Cuddling, F/M, Fights, Fluff, Hints At Sexual Activity, Hopper's Glorious Dad Bod, Making Up, Romance, warm and cozy

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/Reader, Jim "Chief" Hopper/You

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-23

Updated: 2017-11-23

Packaged: 2022-04-03 04:56:34

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,285

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

You and Hopper make up after a fight.

Safe Haven

Author's Note:

Hey guys, welcome to my Hopper Trash Can. I love Jim Hopper and his beautiful Dad bod with a fierce passion. Also David Harbour is pretty amazing too. So expect a lot more tooth rotting Hopper fluff in the future! Enjoy!

TW: one curse word, buckets of fluff

You have the world's most comfortable bed.

The mattress is perfect, your pillow nice and plump. Your sheets are crisp and cool, and your grandmother's handmade quilt keeps the cool winter chill at bay. It's literally a slice of heaven, a cozy and safe haven that some mornings you have great difficulty leaving.

But none of that matters when you are in it alone.

You sigh, punching your pillow for the umpteenth time as you try to get comfortable. You've been tossing and turning for the better part of an hour, and every attempt at settling in and relaxing has proven futile. There's something missing. Or rather, someone.

That someone is currently sleeping on the couch.

You frown. You shouldn't miss him in the bed. You are mad at him after all. He's on the couch because he was being an insufferable asshole. Taking his foul mood from work out on you and Jane. The latter had gone to bed in a huff, slamming her door telepathically behind her. The fight had only escalated from there, with you finally having enough and escaping to the retreat of the bedroom. Your own slammed door had told him plain enough: take the couch tonight, old man.

But now, as you lay here in the dark, you were starting to regret your decision. Sharing a bed with Jim Hopper was like sharing with a massive teddy bear; warm, cozy, and complete bliss. He'd kill anyone

if they knew, but Hopper was a huge cuddlebug. He needed to be touching you, to press skin against skin as much as he could. You always fell asleep wrapped up in his arms or splayed across his chest, the heavy masculine warmth of his body creating a safe and secure place that no bed could ever hope to replicate.

Another sigh escapes your lips. It's late and you are exhausted. Perhaps you should head to the couch and tell your man he was welcome back to bed-if he apologized. You may be addicted to sprawling all over him like a cat, but you were not about to let him get away without a sorry.

Just as you were about to throw back the covers, the door to the bedroom opens. Heavy footfalls pad into the room as the door swings shut with a soft creak. The footsteps cease. He's stopped by the foot of the bed. You remain under the covers, unmoving, waiting to see what he'll do.

"Baby, I know you're awake," he says quietly in his deep timbre, and you hear him scrub a hand over his face. "Look, I'm sorry, okay? It was a long day at work full of idiots and paperwork and I was fed up. Not to mention I got a call right before shift ended and I had to stay late and miss dinner with you two. But I shouldn't have taken it out on you, or on Jane. It was uncalled for."

He lets out a long, weary sigh. "If you still want me to sleep on the couch tonight, I get it. I deserve it. I just wanted to come in here and apologize. I'm real fucking sorry, baby. I'll see you in the morning."

Your heart melts within you. Well, he did say sorry, and when he says it he means it. And you are completely miserable in here without him. So you sit up quickly, throwing the covers back and reaching out for him.

"Get in here, Chief."

He doesn't need to be told twice. One second your arms are empty, the next they are filled with the only man you ever want between them. He slides under the covers and secures you to him, pressing his bearded face to the sensitive underside of your jaw.

"M'sorry, baby," he mutters into your skin between soft, nipping kisses. "I'm a world class, grade A dickhead. How an angel like you puts up with my old, grumpy ass, I'll never know."

You mew softly as his big hands wander under your sleep shirt, almost scalding against your cold skin. "I love your old, grumpy ass, that's how. A little fighting isn't going to change that."

"Lucky for me," he hums, abandoning your neck to claim your mouth. You surrender to the familiar taste of beer and cigarette smoke, letting your hands wander and get their fill. Hopper complains a lot about his body, but you adore it. It's the perfect mixture of soft and strong, and you doubt you will ever get tired of it. It knows just how to keep you warm, make you feel safe, love you until you are a shuddering puddle on the mattress. It's Hopper, and you wouldn't change it for the world.

"I'm sorry too," you say when the kiss finally breaks. You're flushed and out of breath, your heartbeat skipping erratically in your chest. "I was yelling too, when I could have tried to help you de-stress."

He shakes his head, rubbing one large hand over your back in soothing circles. "No, this one is all on me. I let the day get to me."

You shift in his arms, reaching up to gently stroke a hand over his brow. "Want to talk about it?"

Hopper sighs. "Nah, wasn't anything big, just people being stupid." Little lines appear between his brows. "Gonna have to apologize to Jane first thing. Hate that she went to bed mad at me."

You lean up and kiss those little lines. "She'll accept your apology. Just make her some Eggos." Hopper lets out a gruff chuckle, and you laugh softly with him. You suddenly feel sleepy, the presence of your favourite space heater once again working it's magic.

You let out a yawn. "Hop, it's very late. If we're done being mad and apologizing, I'd like to go to sleep."

His lips quirk up at the corners, and That Look enters his eyes. Your heart skips a beat. You know That Look well. The one that means you

are about to get a much more thorough, much more interesting apology. Every nerve ending in your body starts slowly tingling.

"Can't sleep yet," his deep voice grows raspy, and you can hear the lust seeping in. Everything suddenly feels much too hot. "I don't think I'm done with my apologies."

"Oh?" You squeak as his lips revisit their original spot on your neck.

"Mmmmmm," he mumbles, teeth scraping gently over your bounding pulse. You push yourself instinctively closer to him, revelling in the quiet groan that leaves his throats as your nails bite into his back. "Gotta let my girl know just how sorry I am. Words only go so far, you know."

"Very wise," you nod, giggling as his scruff tickles your sensitive skin. "Your years do you credit, old man."

That earns you a sharp pinch on your bottom. "That's enough out of you, woman. Now shut up and let me love you." He looks up at you, and his eyes grow soft. "I do love you, baby. Always."

You smile, so full of happiness you feel like you may burst. Perhaps you two weren't the most conventional couple, but you were oh so glad you had taken the risk. Hopper wasn't perfect, but he was love and happiness and safety and family. He was everything you'd ever wanted and everything you didn't know you needed. He was your heart, your home.

"I know, Chief," you whisper, and his answering smile is everything. "I love you, too. Through everything."

You may have the most comfortable bed in the world, but it's only a safe haven if your Jim Hopper is in it.

And you wouldn't have it any other way.